DAYS OF DESTRUCTION
THE TRANSFORMERS
MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE
IDW
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ROBERTS
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THE TRANSFORMERS

MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE

Aboard a duplicate *Lost Light* (created by an accident involving quantum engines), the Autobots learn the deceased duplicate Brainstorm was a Decepticon double-agent—and they open his briefcase, which causes events to happen out of sequence. When the ship disappears, two things are inexplicably left behind: the archivist Rewind and the briefcase. Megatron and the others return to the original *Lost Light* to learn "their" Brainstorm (also a double-agent) used his briefcase to travel back in time. Realizing he intends to help the Decepticons win the war by killing Orion Pax before he became Optimus Prime, Rodimus leads the crew into action.

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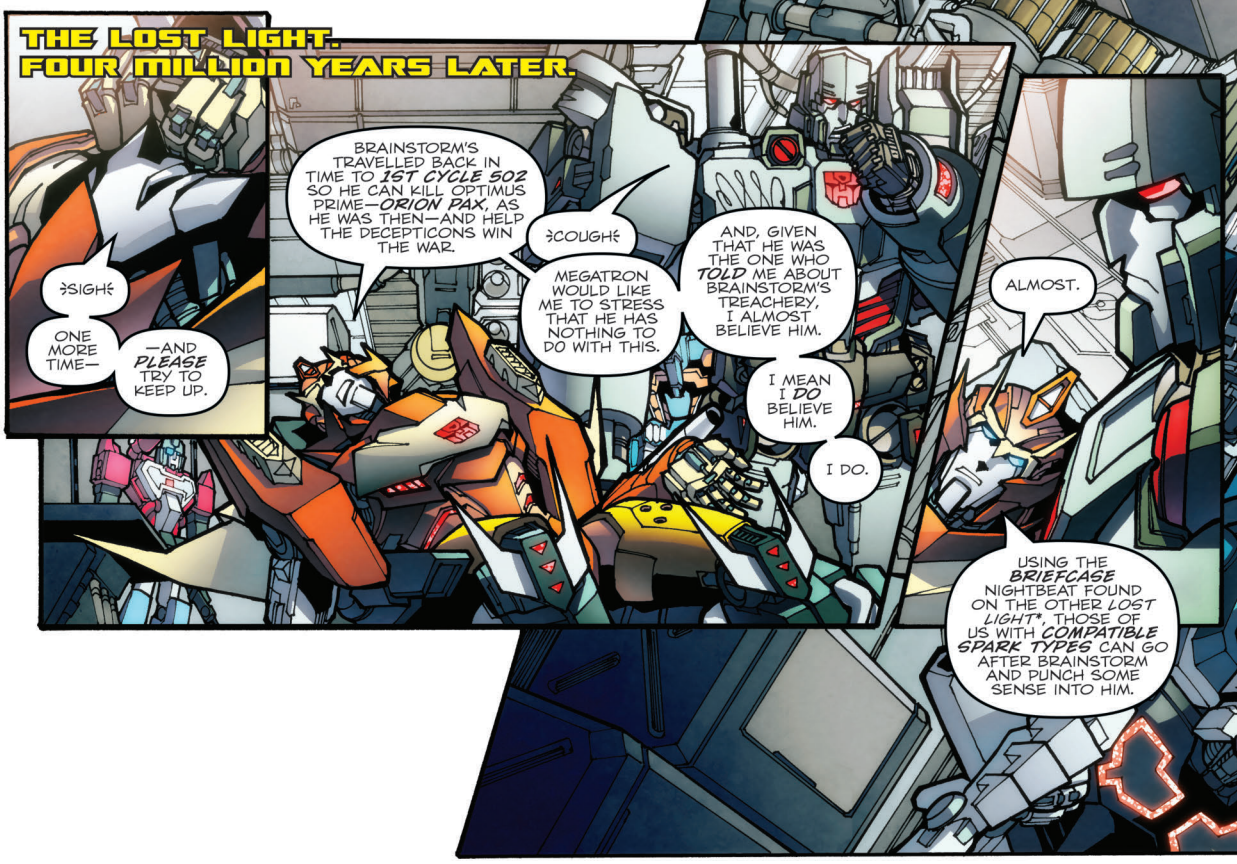
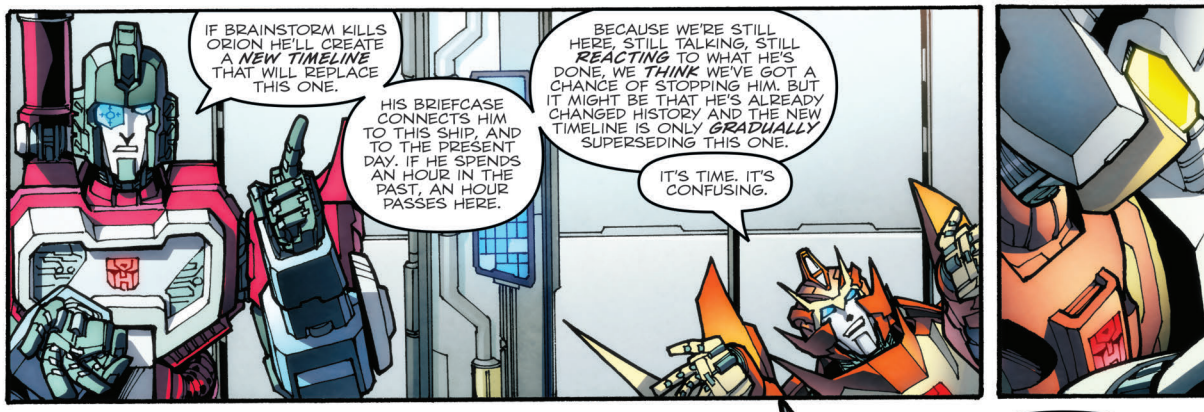
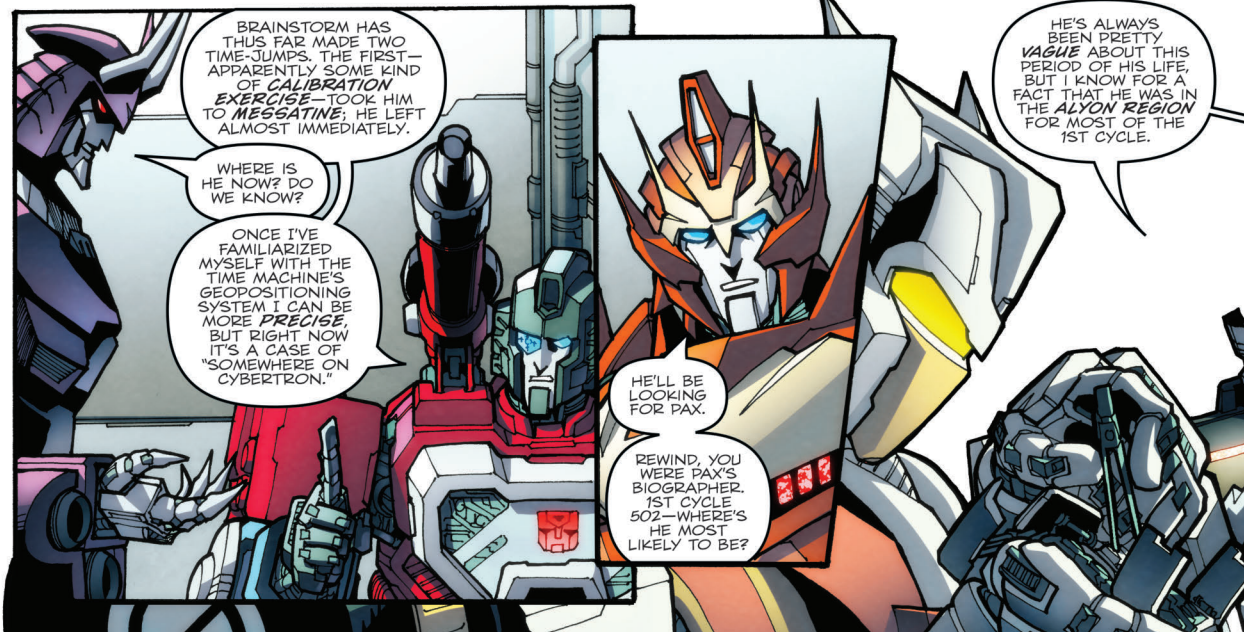
CYBERTRON.
Four million years ago.
The Alyon region. Before...
...and after.
And in due course...
ROLLER HEAVYWEIGHT
ARE YOU NOT GETTING A FORCEFUL SENSE OF DÉJÀ VU?
HOW MANY TIMES MUST WE SEND YOU LOT PACKING BEFORE YOU GET THE MESSAGE THAT THIS HOT SPOT—
—IS UNDER OUR PROTECTION!
ORION PAX OUTLAW

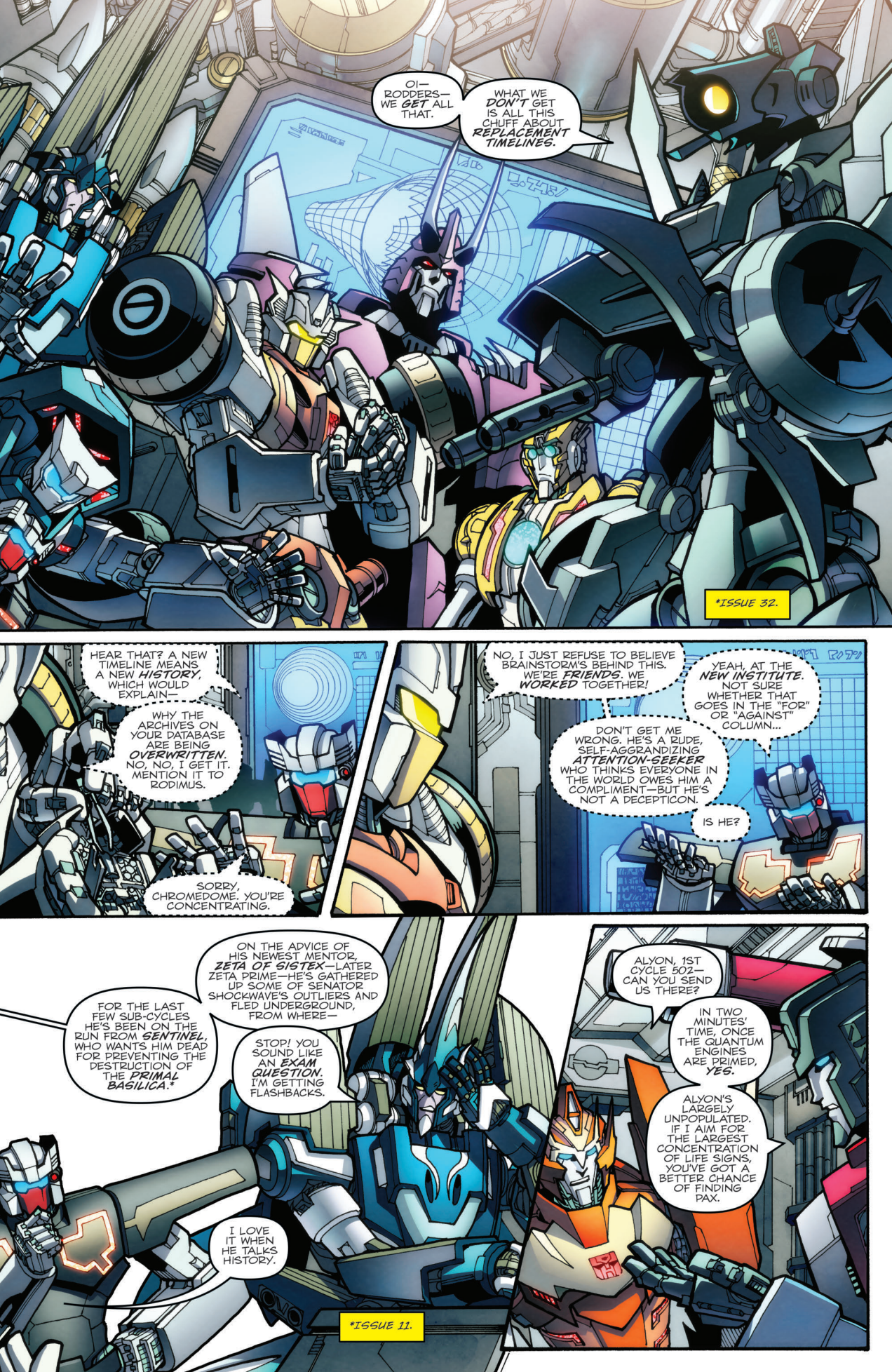
WHAT DID YOU EXPECT, PAX?
THEY'RE THE ELITE GUARD— SENTINEL DIDN'T PICK 'EM FOR THEIR BRAINS.
WINDCHARGER OUTLIER (ELECTROMAGNETIC ARMS)
IT'S NOT THEIR—
OOF!
—BRAINS THAT I'M WORRIED ABOUT!
SKIDS OUTLIER (SUPER-LEARNER)
IN FACT, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I'LL DO...
TSCHE-CHU-CHU-CHE
OW-OW-OW.
WHAT? WHAT'S UP?
BACK PAIN.
EH?
PAIN. IN THE BACK. IN THE TRAILER.
ACTUALLY, NO. NOT PAIN. SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETHING ODD.
SOMETHING WRONG.
SOMETHING—

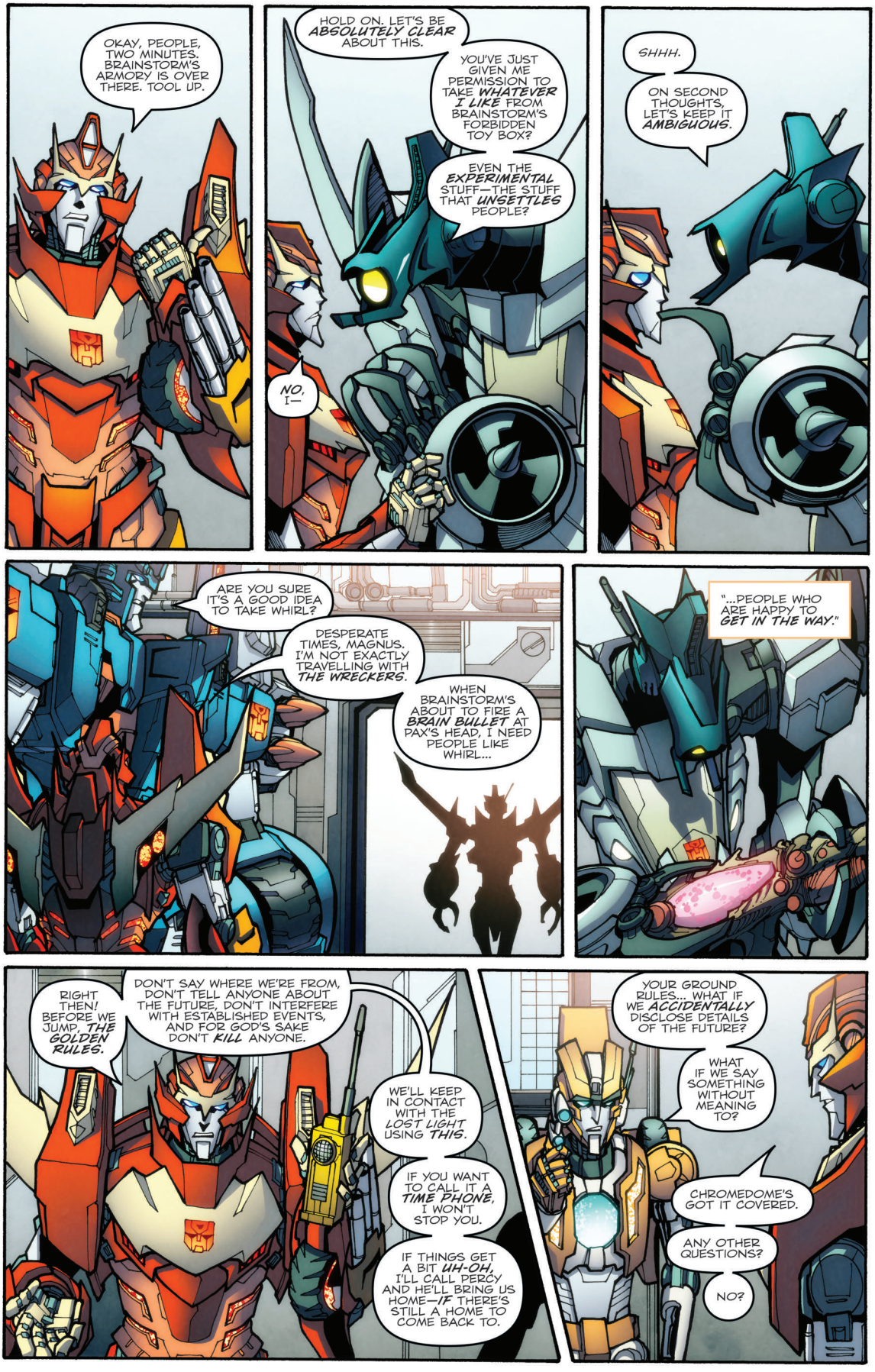
BREAK THEIR STUFF AND RUN HOME CRYING.
WATCH.
DAMUS A.K.A. GLITCH
OUTLIER
(POWER OVER MACHINERY)
THEY'RE RETREATING!
I THINK IT WAS THE BANTER THAT DID IT. I'D BE RUNNING TOO.
CALL THAT RUNNING? I'VE SEEN CONTINENTS MOVE QUICKER THAN THAT.
I'LL HELP THEM ON THEIR WAY...!
'SUP.
Elegant CHAOS
PART 1: ALL OUR PARLOUS YESTERDAYS


THE LOST LIGHT.
FOUR MILLION YEARS LATER.
SIGH
ONE MORE TIME—
—AND PLEASE TRY TO KEEP UP.
BRAINSTORM'S TRAVELLED BACK IN TIME TO 1ST CYCLE 502 SO HE CAN KILL OPTIMUS PRIME—ORION PAX, AS HE WAS THEN—AND HELP THE DECEPTICONS WIN THE WAR.
COUGH
MEGATRON WOULD LIKE ME TO STRESS THAT HE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH THIS.
AND, GIVEN THAT HE WAS THE ONE WHO TOLD ME ABOUT BRAINSTORM'S TREACHERY, I ALMOST BELIEVE HIM.
I MEAN I DO BELIEVE HIM.
I DO.
ALMOST.
USING THE BRIEFCASE NIGHTBEAT FOUND ON THE OTHER LOST LIGHT*, THOSE OF US WITH COMPATIBLE SPARK TYPES CAN GO AFTER BRAINSTORM AND PUNCH SOME SENSE INTO HIM.


IF BRAINSTORM KILLS ORION HE'LL CREATE A NEW TIMELINE THAT WILL REPLACE THIS ONE.
HIS BRIEFCASE CONNECTS HIM TO THIS SHIP, AND TO THE PRESENT DAY. IF HE SPENDS AN HOUR IN THE PAST, AN HOUR PASSES HERE.
BECAUSE WE'RE STILL HERE, STILL TALKING, STILL REACTING TO WHAT HE'S DONE, WE THINK WE'VE GOT A CHANCE OF STOPPING HIM. BUT IT MIGHT BE THAT HE'S ALREADY CHANGED HISTORY AND THE NEW TIMELINE IS ONLY GRADUALLY SUPERSEDING THIS ONE.
IT'S TIME. IT'S CONFUSING.

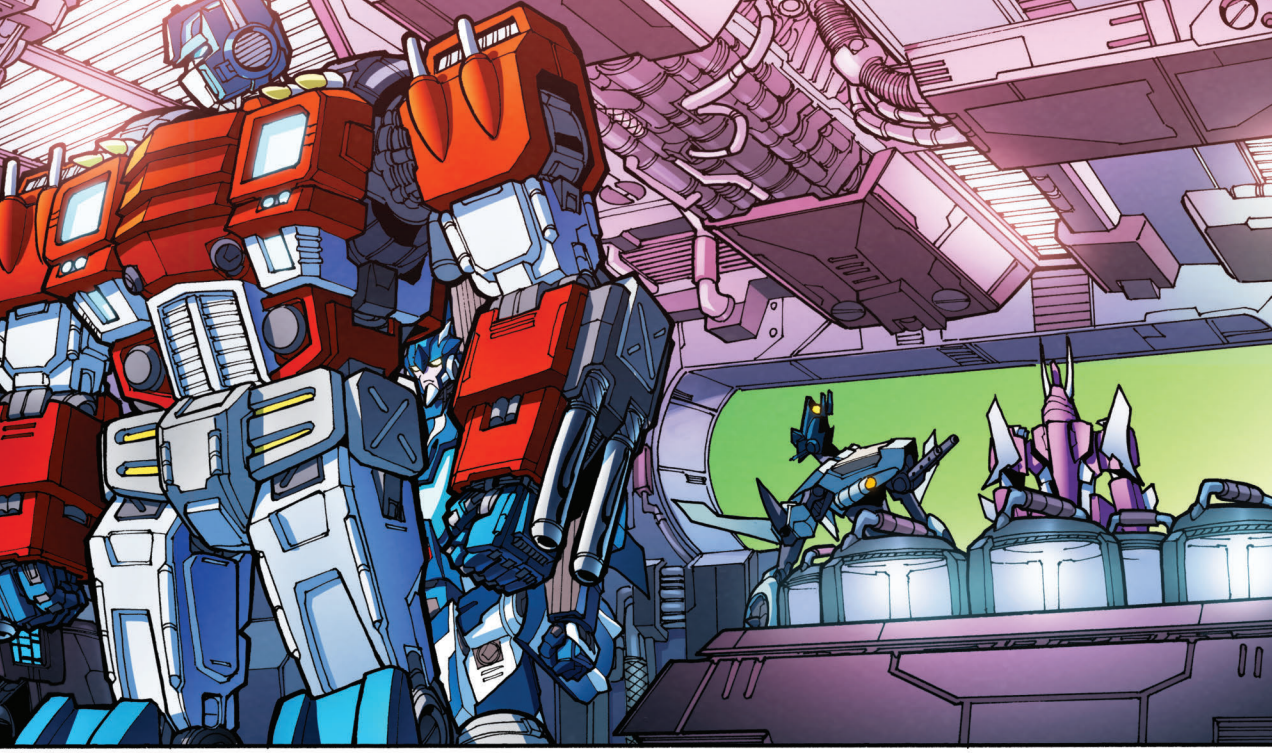

BRAINSTORM HAS THUS FAR MADE TWO TIME-JUMPS. THE FIRST—APPARENTLY SOME KIND OF CALIBRATION EXERCISE—TOOK HIM TO MESSATINE; HE LEFT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY.
WHERE IS HE NOW? DO WE KNOW?
ONCE I'VE FAMILIARIZED MYSELF WITH THE TIME MACHINE'S GEOPOSITIONING SYSTEM I CAN BE MORE PRECISE, BUT RIGHT NOW IT'S A CASE OF "SOMEWHERE ON CYBERTRON."
HE'LL BE LOOKING FOR PAX.
REWIND, YOU WERE PAX'S BIOGRAPHER. 1ST CYCLE 502—WHERE'S HE MOST LIKELY TO BE?
HE'S ALWAYS BEEN PRETTY VAGUE ABOUT THIS PERIOD OF HIS LIFE, BUT I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT HE WAS IN THE ALYON REGION FOR MOST OF THE 1ST CYCLE.


OI— RODDERS— WE GET ALL THAT.
WHAT WE DON'T GET IS ALL THIS CHUFF ABOUT REPLACEMENT TIMELINES.
*ISSUE 32.
HEAR THAT? A NEW TIMELINE MEANS A NEW HISTORY, WHICH WOULD EXPLAIN—
WHY THE ARCHIVES ON YOUR DATABASE ARE BEING OVERWRITTEN. NO, NO, I GET IT. MENTION IT TO RODIMUS.
SORRY, CHROMEDOME. YOU'RE CONCENTRATING.
NO, I JUST REFUSE TO BELIEVE BRAINSTORM'S BEHIND THIS. WE'RE FRIENDS. WE WORKED TOGETHER!
YEAH, AT THE NEW INSTITUTE. NOT SURE WHETHER THAT GOES IN THE "FOR" OR "AGAINST" COLUMN...
DON'T GET ME WRONG. HE'S A RUDE, SELF-AGGRANDIZING ATTENTION-SEEKER WHO THINKS EVERYONE IN THE WORLD OWES HIM A COMPLIMENT—BUT HE'S NOT A DECEPTICON.
IS HE?
ON THE ADVICE OF HIS NEWEST MENTOR, ZETA OF SISTEX—LATER ZETA PRIME—HE'S GATHERED UP SOME OF SENATOR SHOCKWAVE'S OUTLIERS AND FLED UNDERGROUND, FROM WHERE—
FOR THE LAST FEW SUB-CYCLES HE'S BEEN ON THE RUN FROM SENTINEL, WHO WANTS HIM DEAD FOR PREVENTING THE DESTRUCTION OF THE PRIMAL BASILICA.*
STOP! YOU SOUND LIKE AN EXAM QUESTION. I'M GETTING FLASHBACKS.
I LOVE IT WHEN HE TALKS HISTORY.
*ISSUE 11.
ALYON, 1ST CYCLE 502— CAN YOU SEND US THERE?
IN TWO MINUTES' TIME, ONCE THE QUANTUM ENGINES ARE PRIMED, YES.
ALYON'S LARGELY UNPOPULATED. IF I AIM FOR THE LARGEST CONCENTRATION OF LIFE SIGNS, YOU'VE GOT A BETTER CHANCE OF FINDING PAX.


OKAY, PEOPLE, TWO MINUTES, BRAINSTORM'S ARMORY IS OVER THERE. TOOL UP.
HOLD ON. LET'S BE ABSOLUTELY CLEAR ABOUT THIS.
YOU'VE JUST GIVEN ME PERMISSION TO TAKE WHATEVER I LIKE FROM BRAINSTORM'S FORBIDDEN TOY BOX?
EVEN THE EXPERIMENTAL STUFF—THE STUFF THAT UNSETTLES PEOPLE?
NO, I—
SHHH.
ON SECOND THOUGHTS, LET'S KEEP IT AMBIGUOUS.
ARE YOU SURE IT'S A GOOD IDEA TO TAKE WHIRL?
DESPERATE TIMES, MAGNUS. I'M NOT EXACTLY TRAVELLING WITH THE WRECKERS.
WHEN BRAINSTORM'S ABOUT TO FIRE A BRAIN BULLET AT PAX'S HEAD, I NEED PEOPLE LIKE WHIRL...
"...PEOPLE WHO ARE HAPPY TO GET IN THE WAY."
RIGHT THEN! BEFORE WE JUMP, THE GOLDEN RULES.
DON'T SAY WHERE WE'RE FROM, DON'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT THE FUTURE, DON'T INTERFERE WITH ESTABLISHED EVENTS, AND FOR GOD'S SAKE DON'T KILL ANYONE.
WE'LL KEEP IN CONTACT WITH THE LOST LIGHT USING THIS.
IF YOU WANT TO CALL IT A TIME PHONE, I WON'T STOP YOU.
IF THINGS GET A BIT UH-OH, I'LL CALL PERCY AND HE'LL BRING US HOME—IF THERE'S STILL A HOME TO COME BACK TO.
YOUR GROUND RULES... WHAT IF WE ACCIDENTALLY DISCLOSE DETAILS OF THE FUTURE?
WHAT IF WE SAY SOMETHING WITHOUT MEANING TO?
CHROMEDOME'S GOT IT COVERED.
ANY OTHER QUESTIONS?
NO?

"THEN OFF WE GO!"
I DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO STRANGERS WITH GUNS.
ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE GRINNING AT ME.
CAN SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING UP THERE?
YOU GET ONE CHANCE TO EXPLAIN WHO YOU ARE, WHY YOU'RE HERE, AND WHY I SHOULD BELIEVE ANYTHING YOU SAY.
HEY! HEY! EASY! CHECK OUT THE BADGE!
YOU WORK FOR THE SENATE?
EH?
NO.
WHAT?
WE'RE AUTOBOTS, JUST LIKE YOU... AREN'T.
YET.
CAN WE START AGAIN? I'M RODIMUS.
I'M A GOODIE.
TUMBLER? IS THAT YOU?
IT IS— EXCEPT I GO BY THE NAME OF CHROMEDOME NOW.
AND WHIRL! I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN PRISON...!
OH GOD, I AM, AREN'T I? ER—DAY RELEASE.
SO ZETA DID GET THE MESSAGE...
MESSAGE?
WE CALLED FOR REINFORCEMENTS.
HOW DID YOU GET HERE? SOME KIND OF TRANSMAT SYSTEM?
YES.
DEFINITELY.
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN. I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT'VE FOLLOWED IN YOUR PARTNER'S FOOTSTEPS AND JOINED THE SENATE'S SECURITY FORCES.
PROWL WOULD TELL YOU HE HAD HIS REASONS—SORRY, HAS HIS REASONS—BUT NO, HE AND I FELL OUT OVER THAT.
COME ON. YOU CAN TELL ME ALL ABOUT IT ON THE WAY BACK TO THE DUGOUT.

I APOLOGIZE FOR THE EARLIER MISUNDERSTANDING, RODIMUS.
AH, NO WORRIES, PAX.
ANCIENT HISTORY.
BUT WHAT'S THE SCORE HERE? WHY ARE YOU GUYS CAMPED OUTSIDE A HOT SPOT?
IT'S NOT JUST ANY HOT SPOT— IT'S THE FIRST IN A MILLION YEARS.
IT LOOKS LIKE A HAND.
THE HAND OF PRIMUS, PRESSING THE PLANET INTO SHAPE.
I DON'T REMEMBER HEARING ABOUT A NEW HOT SPOT.
THAT'S 'COS THE SENATE IS TRYING TO KEEP IT A SECRET.
REALLY? WHY?
AH, PAX EXPLAINS IT BETTER.
DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S AWESOME, CYCLONUS?
THAT... OBJECT, ORION. THE ONE IN THE SKY, ABOVE THE HOT SPOT. WHAT IS IT?
YOUR GUESS IS AS GOOD AS MINE.
WE THINK IT COULD BE SOME KIND OF MONITORING STATION.
IT CERTAINLY HASN'T FIRED ON US. IN FACT IT HASN'T DONE ANYTHING SINCE IT ARRIVED YESTERDAY EVENING.
THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT'S NOT BAD NEWS.
WELL LOOK AT THAT— SOMEONE'S FINALLY FINISHED RECHARGING. YOU SPEND HALF YOUR TIME FLAT ON YOUR BACK!
HEH— SOUNDS LIKE A 'BOT I USED TO KNOW.
I DOUBT IT...

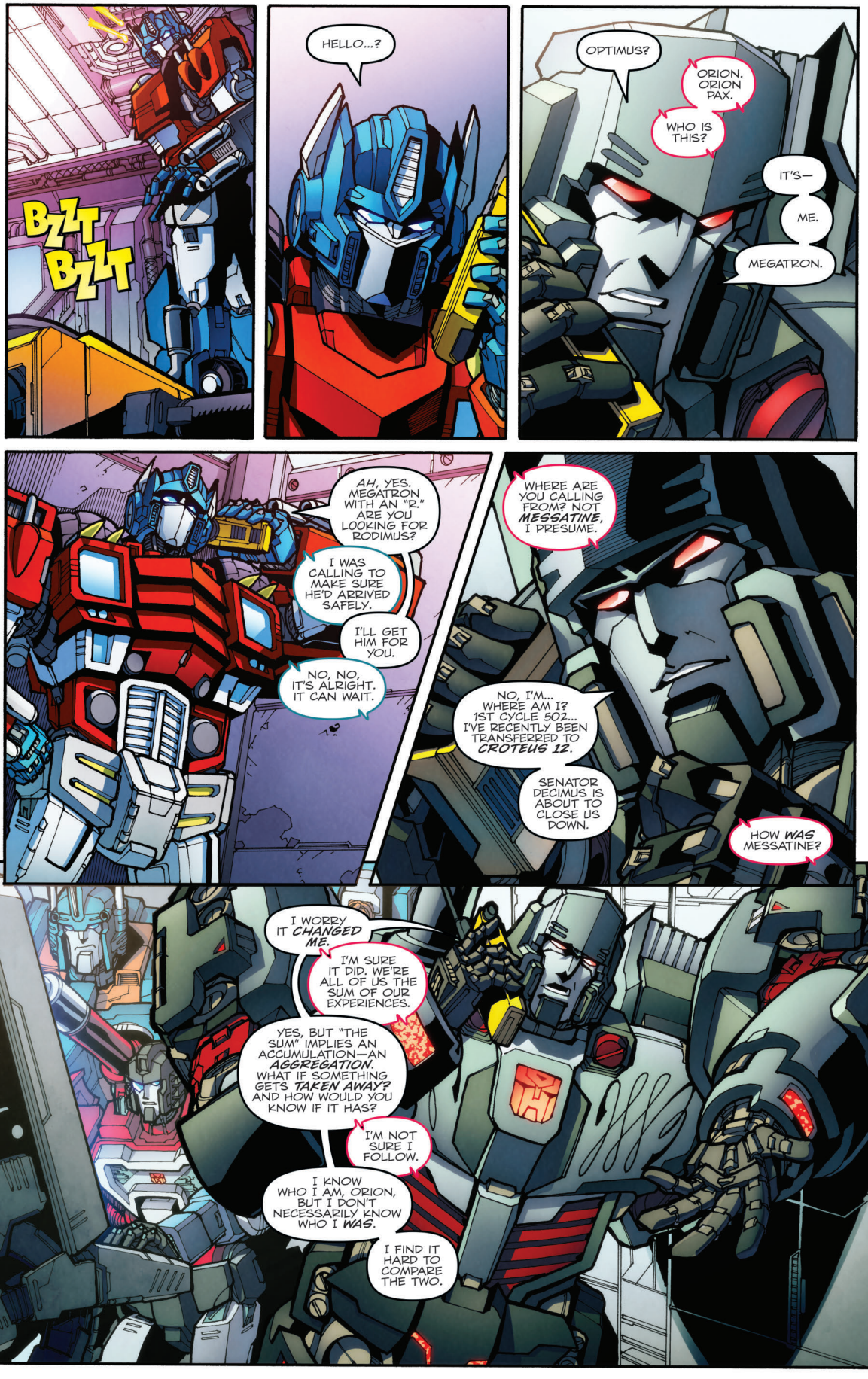


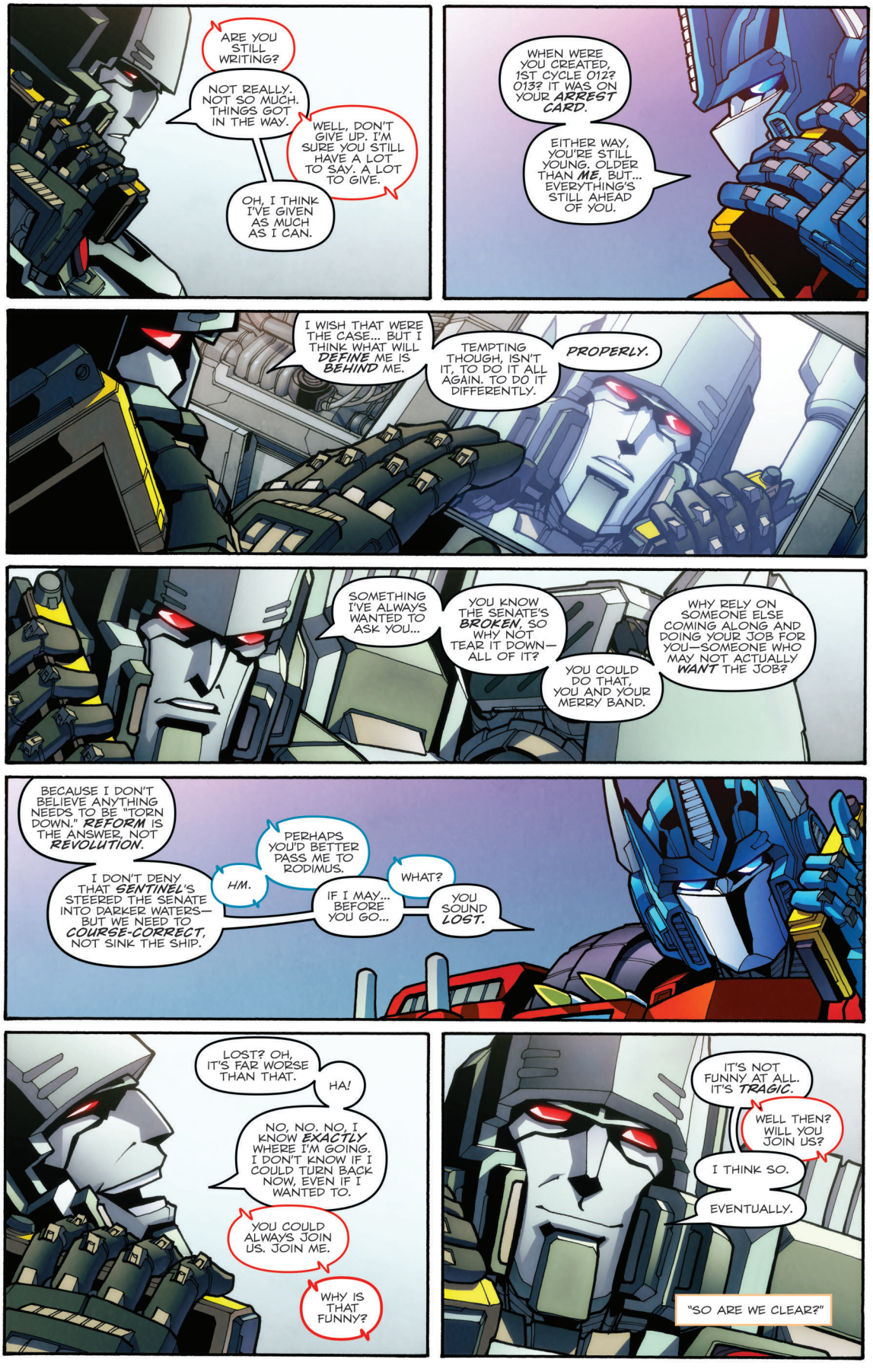
AS SOCIETY BECOMES MORE *SECULAR*, SO THE *FUNCTIONIST COUNCIL* BECOMES LESS INFLUENTIAL.
SECTIONS OF THE PUBLIC WOULD SEE A NEW HOT SPOT—ESPECIALLY ONE THAT SHAPE—AS *PROOF OF PRIMUS*, MAKING IT EASIER FOR THE COUNCIL TO ARGUE FOR THE REINTRODUCTION OF *HARDLINE FUNCTIONISM*.
ZETA THINKS THE SENATE—OR RATHER SENTINEL'S FACTION *WITHIN* THE SENATE—INTENDS TO *DESTROY* THE HOT SPOT SO AS TO AVOID A FUNCTIONIST TAKEOVER.

AND THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE: TO PROTECT THE SPARKS.
WE INTERCEPTED SATELLITE PICTURES OF THE HOT SPOT AND GOT HERE BEFORE THE ELITE GUARD. WE'VE BEEN KEEPING THEM AT BAY EVER SINCE.
AS SOON AS THE SPARKS ARE BRIGHT ENOUGH TO BE HARVESTED, WE CAN SEND THEM SOMEWHERE ELSE. SOMEWHERE SAFE.
THAT'S PRETTY AWESOME.

...*TRAILBREAKER'S* ONE OF A KIND.

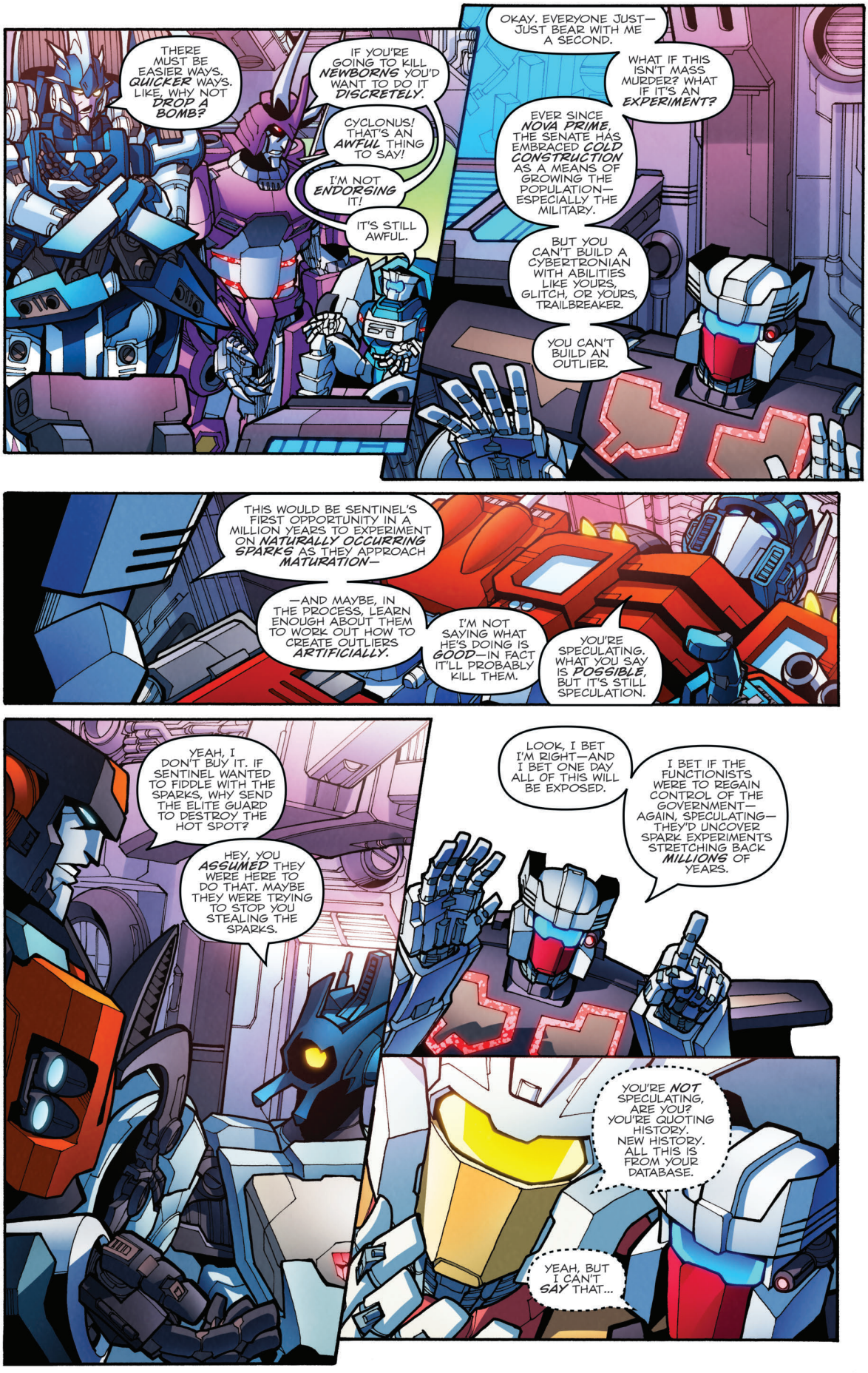
NOW THE RECHARGE SLAB IS FREE I WANT EVERYONE—INCLUDING THE NEW ARRIVALS—TO TOP THEMSELVES UP. WE NEED TO BE READY FOR THE NEXT ATTACK.
THAT'S IT? THAT'S THE PLAN?
WE REFUEL AND WAIT FOR THE ELITE GUARD TO COME BACK?
NO, GLITCH. WE REFUEL, WE SAVOR THE LULL—
—AND WE TAKE THE OPPORTUNITY TO GET TO KNOW EACH OTHER.
MY NAME'S RODIMUS—
—AND I COULD REALLY DO WITH A QUIET WORD.
GOOD GRIEF. YOU'VE ADDED—WHAT IS IT?
C32?
SHHH! THE BIG GUY WOULDN'T APPROVE.
IT'S DANGEROUS. I KNOW ALL CIRCUIT SPEEDERS ARE DANGEROUS, BUT I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF ONE DAY THEY LINK C32 TO INSTANT SPARK FAILURE.
MAYBE STICK TO REGULAR ENERGON?
I NEED SOMETHING WITH A LITTLE KICK. IT HELPS ME KEEP UP.
WITH WHOM, THE OUTLIERS?
DON'T JUDGE. NOT EVERYONE IS BORN SPECIAL.
BUT LOOK AT YOU—YOU'RE A POINT ONE PERCENTER. YOU WERE BORN SPECIAL!
I WAS BORN STRONG—AND THESE DAYS THAT ONLY GETS YOU SO FAR. I CAN'T MAKE FORCEFIELDS, OR STOP THINGS WORKING, OR—OR MAGNETIZE THE ENEMY.
PAX KEEPS ME AROUND BECAUSE WE'RE FRIENDS.
AND THAT'S A BAD REASON BECAUSE...?


BZZT
BZZT
HELLO...?
OPTIMUS?
ORION. ORION PAX.
WHO IS THIS?
IT'S—
ME.
MEGATRON.
AH, YES. MEGATRON WITH AN "R." ARE YOU LOOKING FOR RODIMUS?
I WAS CALLING TO MAKE SURE HE'D ARRIVED SAFELY.
I'LL GET HIM FOR YOU.
NO, NO, IT'S ALRIGHT. IT CAN WAIT.
WHERE ARE YOU CALLING FROM? NOT *MESSATINE*, I PRESUME.
NO, I'M... WHERE AM I? 1ST CYCLE 502... I'VE RECENTLY BEEN TRANSFERRED TO *CROTEUS 12*.
SENATOR DECIMUS IS ABOUT TO CLOSE US DOWN.
HOW *WAS* MESSATINE?
I WORRY IT *CHANGED ME*.
I'M SURE IT DID. WE'RE ALL OF US THE SUM OF OUR EXPERIENCES.
YES, BUT "THE SUM" IMPLIES AN ACCUMULATION—AN *AGGREGATION*. WHAT IF SOMETHING GETS *TAKEN AWAY*? AND HOW WOULD YOU KNOW IF IT HAS?
I'M NOT SURE I FOLLOW.
I KNOW WHO I AM, ORION, BUT I DON'T NECESSARILY KNOW WHO I *WAS*.
I FIND IT HARD TO COMPARE THE TWO.


ARE YOU STILL WRITING?
NOT REALLY. NOT SO MUCH. THINGS GOT IN THE WAY.
WELL, DON'T GIVE UP. I'M SURE YOU STILL HAVE A LOT TO SAY. A LOT TO GIVE.
OH, I THINK I'VE GIVEN AS MUCH AS I CAN.
WHEN WERE YOU CREATED, 1ST CYCLE 012? 013? IT WAS ON YOUR ARREST CARD.
EITHER WAY, YOU'RE STILL YOUNG. OLDER THAN ME, BUT... EVERYTHING'S STILL AHEAD OF YOU.
I WISH THAT WERE THE CASE... BUT I THINK WHAT WILL DEFINE ME IS BEHIND ME.
TEMPTING THOUGH, ISN'T IT, TO DO IT ALL AGAIN. TO DO IT DIFFERENTLY.
PROPERLY.
SOMETHING I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO ASK YOU...
YOU KNOW THE SENATE'S BROKEN, SO WHY NOT TEAR IT DOWN—ALL OF IT?
YOU COULD DO THAT, YOU AND YOUR MERRY BAND.
WHY RELY ON SOMEONE ELSE COMING ALONG AND DOING YOUR JOB FOR YOU—SOMEONE WHO MAY NOT ACTUALLY WANT THE JOB?
BECAUSE I DON'T BELIEVE ANYTHING NEEDS TO BE "TORN DOWN." REFORM IS THE ANSWER, NOT REVOLUTION.
I DON'T DENY THAT SENTINEL'S STEERED THE SENATE INTO DARKER WATERS—BUT WE NEED TO COURSE-CORRECT, NOT SINK THE SHIP.
HM.
PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER PASS ME TO RODIMUS.
IF I MAY... BEFORE YOU GO...
WHAT?
YOU SOUND LOST.
LOST? OH, IT'S FAR WORSE THAN THAT.
HA!
NO, NO, NO, I KNOW EXACTLY WHERE I'M GOING. I DON'T KNOW IF I COULD TURN BACK NOW, EVEN IF I WANTED TO.
YOU COULD ALWAYS JOIN US. JOIN ME.
WHY IS THAT FUNNY?
IT'S NOT FUNNY AT ALL. IT'S TRAGIC.
WELL THEN? WILL YOU JOIN US?
I THINK SO.
EVENTUALLY.
"SO ARE WE CLEAR?"

YEE-AH, NOT REALLY...
I CAN'T GO INTO ANY MORE DETAIL, JUST—IF IN THE FUTURE—
COULD BE TODAY, COULD BE TOMORROW, COULD BE FOUR MILLION YEARS FROM NOW—
BUT IF IN THE FUTURE YOU FIND YOURSELF ON A PLANET CALLED OFSTED XVII, DON'T LEAVE YOUR SHIP. I MEAN IT.
DON'T GO OUTSIDE, DON'T ENGAGE WITH ANYBODY, AND DON'T DONATE FUEL TO ANYONE.
WILL YOU DO THAT FOR ME? IT'S VERY IMPORTANT.
SURE, WHATEVER.
TRAILBREAKER.
OFSTED XVII. STAY INSIDE THE SHIP. GOT IT.
YOU'RE A GOOD PERSON.
YOUR FRIEND'S ON THE LINE.
ULTRA MAGNUS?
MEGATRON.
AH YES, MEGATRON. GOOD OLD MEGATRON.
WHO WAS THAT?
MEGATRON. THE MINER FROM TARN. REMARKABLE INDIVIDUAL.
THE ACTIVIST? "YOU ARE BEING DECEIVED" AND ALL THAT?
YOU SHOULD READ HIM.
IT'S POWERFUL STUFF.

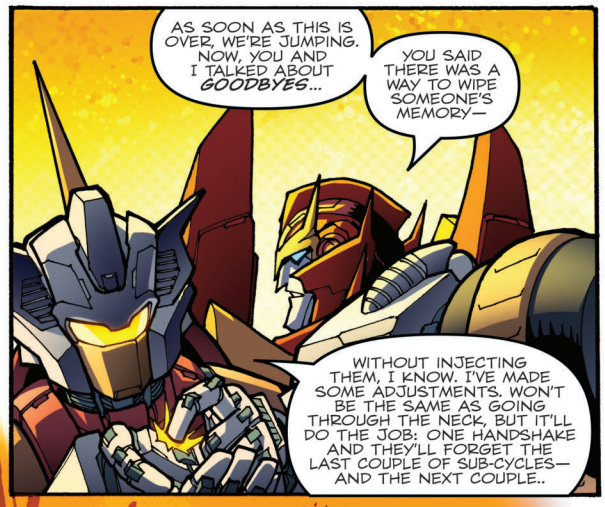
HEY, BEST FRIEND! MISS YOU!
SHUT UP AND GIVE ME A PROGRESS REPORT.
NO SIGN OF BRAINSTORM, ALTHOUGH THIS GIANT... THING APPEARED IN THE SKY A FEW HOURS AGO. VERY SUS.
"SUS?"
SUSPICIOUS.
PERCEPTOR MAINTAINS THAT, GIVEN TIME, HE CAN PINPOINT OUR ERRANT CREW-MEMBER'S EXACT LOCATION.
IT DIDN'T HELP THAT THE TRAVEL APPARATUS OVERHEATED WHEN YOU JUMPED.
OVERHEATED?
WE THINK IT'S STRUGGLING TO MOVE AROUND TWO SETS OF TIME TRAVELLERS. WE DON'T KNOW HOW MANY JUMPS YOU'VE GOT LEFT— OR BRAINSTORM, FOR THAT MATTER.
AND THE WHOLE EXERCISE IS SUCKING HUGE AMOUNTS OF ENERGY FROM THE QUANTUM ENGINES.
OKAY, BUT OTHERWISE YOU THREE HAVE THINGS UNDER CONTROL...
OF COURSE. PERCEPTOR WAS A LITTLE CONCERNED ABOUT THE BACKGROUND RADIATION, BUT THAT SEEMS TO BE LEAKING FROM THE PAST INTO THE PRESENT, RATHER THAN THE OTHER WAY ROUND.
WELL, SO LONG AS—
WAIT. WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?
RADIATION?
FESSILE RADIATION, TO BE PRECISE. IT'S COMING FROM UP THERE— FROM THE SKY PLATFORM.
I THINK THE SENATE IS TRYING TO STERILIZE THE HOT SPOT. SNUFF OUT THE SPARKS.


THERE MUST BE EASIER WAYS. QUICKER WAYS. LIKE, WHY NOT DROP A BOMB?
IF YOU'RE GOING TO KILL NEWBORNS YOU'D WANT TO DO IT DISCRETELY.
CYCLONUS! THAT'S AN AWFUL THING TO SAY!
I'M NOT ENDORSING IT!
IT'S STILL AWFUL.
OKAY. EVERYONE JUST— JUST BEAR WITH ME A SECOND.
WHAT IF THIS ISN'T MASS MURDER? WHAT IF IT'S AN EXPERIMENT?
EVER SINCE NOVA PRIME, THE SENATE HAS EMBRACED COLD CONSTRUCTION AS A MEANS OF GROWING THE POPULATION— ESPECIALLY THE MILITARY.
BUT YOU CAN'T BUILD A CYBERTRONIAN WITH ABILITIES LIKE YOURS, GLITCH, OR YOURS, TRAILBREAKER.
YOU CAN'T BUILD AN OUTLIER.
THIS WOULD BE SENTINEL'S FIRST OPPORTUNITY IN A MILLION YEARS TO EXPERIMENT ON NATURALLY OCCURRING SPARKS AS THEY APPROACH MATURATION—
—AND MAYBE, IN THE PROCESS, LEARN ENOUGH ABOUT THEM TO WORK OUT HOW TO CREATE OUTLIERS ARTIFICIALLY.
I'M NOT SAYING WHAT HE'S DOING IS GOOD—IN FACT IT'LL PROBABLY KILL THEM.
YOU'RE SPECULATING. WHAT YOU SAY IS POSSIBLE, BUT IT'S STILL SPECULATION.
YEAH, I DON'T BUY IT. IF SENTINEL WANTED TO FIDDLE WITH THE SPARKS, WHY SEND THE ELITE GUARD TO DESTROY THE HOT SPOT?
HEY, YOU ASSUMED THEY WERE HERE TO DO THAT. MAYBE THEY WERE TRYING TO STOP YOU STEALING THE SPARKS.
LOOK, I BET I'M RIGHT—AND I BET ONE DAY ALL OF THIS WILL BE EXPOSED.
I BET IF THE FUNCTIONISTS WERE TO REGAIN CONTROL OF THE GOVERNMENT— AGAIN, SPECULATING— THEY'D UNCOVER SPARK EXPERIMENTS STRETCHING BACK MILLIONS OF YEARS.
YOU'RE NOT SPECULATING, ARE YOU? YOU'RE QUOTING HISTORY. NEW HISTORY. ALL THIS IS FROM YOUR DATABASE.
YEAH, BUT I CAN'T SAY THAT...

EVERYONE OUTSIDE. NOW.
WE CAN'T SAY FOR CERTAIN WHO'S UP TO WHAT, LET ALONE WHY, BUT WE CAN'T RISK DOING NOTHING.
TOTALLY AGREE—BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD STAY HERE, INSIDE, WHERE IT'S SAFE.
IF EVER YOUR LIFE'S BEEN IN DANGER, IT'S NOW.
TRAILBREAKER, I WANT YOU TO—
I THOUGHT YOU WERE JOKING. AND YES.
OH, SO YOU'RE JUST GOING TO IGNORE ME.
TRAILBREAKER, AS SOON AS WE'RE ON THE HOT SPOT I WANT YOU TO GENERATE A FORCEFIELD—
"—AND MAKE IT AS BIG AS YOU CAN."
CLEARLY.
I THINK ORION WAS REFERRING TO THE SPARKS.
WHHRRRRclick
CHOOM CHOOM
THEY KNOW WE'RE ONTO THEM!
THEY'VE MOVED TO PLAN B. THAT'S "B" FOR "BLOW EVERYTHING UP."
GLITCH! CAN YOU DISABLE THE PLATFORM?
IT'S TOO FAR AWAY—!
WINDCHARGER?
DUNNO ABOUT DISABLING IT, BUT I CAN BREAK BITS OFF...
CYCLONUS! WHIRL! GET OUT THERE—
"—AND DO SOME DAMAGE!"

IS EVERYONE INSIDE?
THERE ARE STILL SOME ON THE OUTSIDE. I'M SORRY—IF I MAKE THIS FORCEFIELD ANY BIGGER IT WON'T DEFLECT THE RADIATION.
Y'KNOW, FROM WHERE I'M STANDING THAT SKY PLATFORM DOESN'T LOOK *QUITE* SO INNOCUOUS...

HARVEST TIME.
WHAT'S THAT, AN INCUBATOR?
TELEPORTER. SENDS THE SPARK TO A SAFE HOUSE WHERE IT CAN BE NURTURED.
GIVE IT HERE.
NUH-UH.
IT'S NOT SAFE OUT THERE. I'LL DEAL WITH THE SPARKS.
THE HELL YOU WILL.
ROLLER—
SORRY, BIG GUY—I NEED THIS.
OF ALL THE—
CAN THIS WAIT? HANDS VERY MUCH FULL AT THE MOMENT...
BZZT BZZT
BRAINSTORM'S TIME-JUMPED.
WHAT, AGAIN? WHERE?!
FURTHER INTO THE PAST. I'M PULLING YOU OUT OF THERE.
YOU CAN'T— NOT YET. A FEW MORE MINUTES, THAT'S ALL WE NEED...
"...LIVES DEPEND ON IT."
KOOM
CHOOM CHOOM
UH.


AS SOON AS THIS IS OVER, WE'RE JUMPING. NOW, YOU AND I TALKED ABOUT GOODBYES...
YOU SAID THERE WAS A WAY TO WIPE SOMEONE'S MEMORY—
WITHOUT INJECTING THEM, I KNOW. I'VE MADE SOME ADJUSTMENTS. WON'T BE THE SAME AS GOING THROUGH THE NECK, BUT IT'LL DO THE JOB: ONE HANDSHAKE AND THEY'LL FORGET THE LAST COUPLE OF SUB-CYCLES— AND THE NEXT COUPLE..

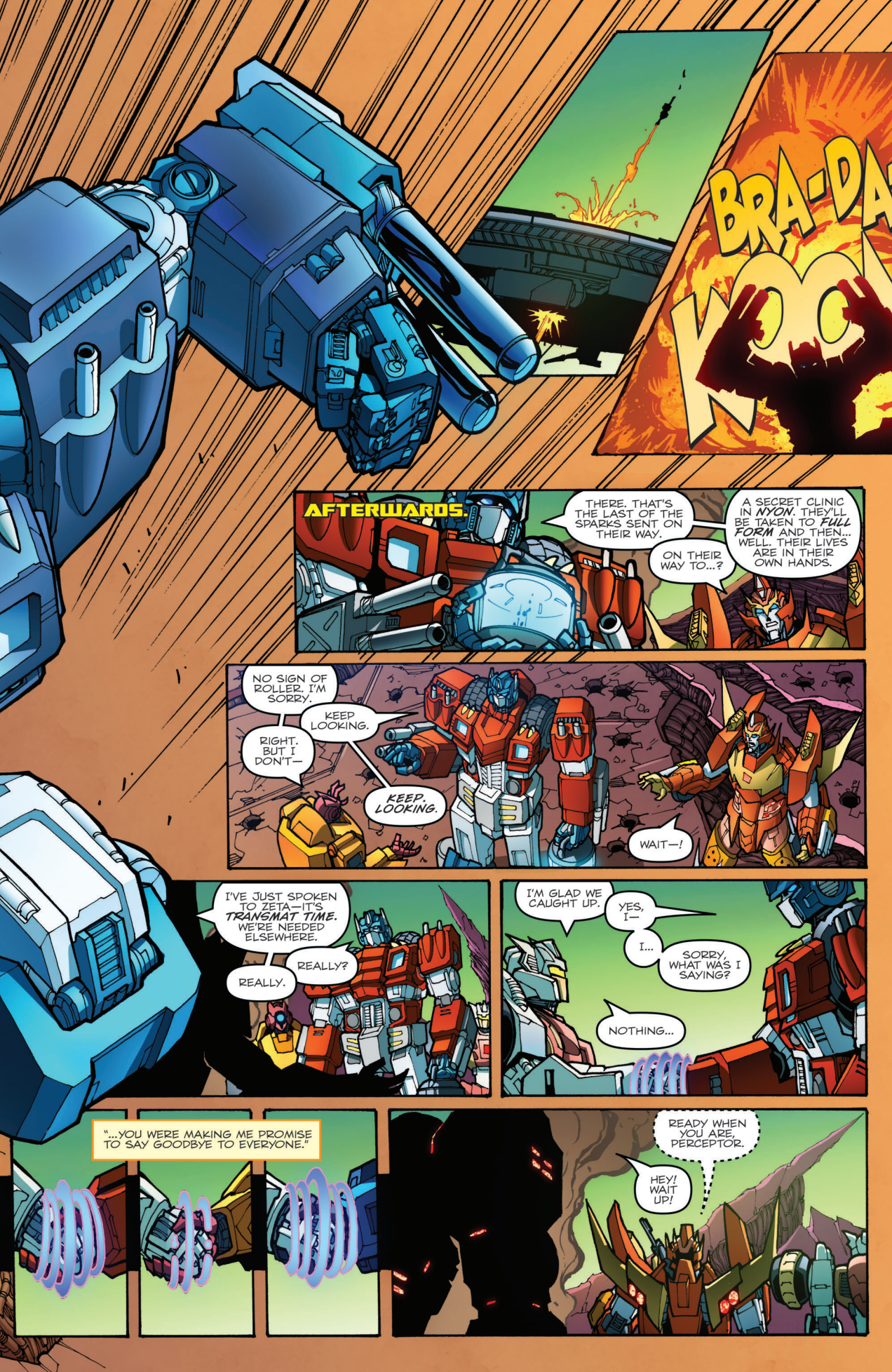
I'VE BEEN THINKING—AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO SAY GOODBYE TO TRAILBREAKER. IF YOU SHOOK HIS HAND YOU MIGHT SHORT OUT HIS FORCEFIELD GENERATOR— FOREVER.
I REALLY DON'T THINK THAT'S A RISK.
IT'S NOT A RISK, IT'S AN ORDER: DON'T TOUCH TRAILBREAKER. UNDERSTOOD?

OH, MAN. I THINK ROLLER'S IN TROUBLE.

THAT'S IT. THAT'S ENOUGH. THIS ENDS NOW.
TRAILBREAKER, WHEN I SAY THE WORD I WANT YOU TO PUT YOUR FORCEFIELD AROUND ME.
JUST YOU?
JUST ME. TIGHTER THE BETTER.

WINDCHARGER— HOW'S YOUR THROWING ARM?
MY WHAT? WHAT DO YOU...? OH, I GET IT.

NOW,
TRAILBREAKER!
WANT ME TO AIM FOR ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR?
JUST MAKE SURE I CONNECT.
ALRIGHTY THEN...
...OFF YOU GO!
THIS IS THE GREATEST THING I HAVE EVER SEEN.


BRA-DA
KOO
AFTERWARDS.
THERE. THAT'S THE LAST OF THE SPARKS SENT ON THEIR WAY.
ON THEIR WAY TO...?
A SECRET CLINIC IN NYON. THEY'LL BE TAKEN TO FULL FORM AND THEN... WELL. THEIR LIVES ARE IN THEIR OWN HANDS.
NO SIGN OF ROLLER. I'M SORRY.
KEEP LOOKING.
RIGHT. BUT I DON'T—
KEEP. LOOKING.
WAIT—!
I'VE JUST SPOKEN TO ZETA—IT'S TRANSMAT TIME. WE'RE NEEDED ELSEWHERE.
REALLY?
REALLY.
I'M GLAD WE CAUGHT UP.
YES, I—
I...
SORRY, WHAT WAS I SAYING?
NOTHING...
"...YOU WERE MAKING ME PROMISE TO SAY GOODBYE TO EVERYONE."
READY WHEN YOU ARE, PERCEPTOR.
HEY! WAIT UP!

DON'T FORGET ABOUT ME!
ER–
NO!
TRAILBREAKER!
WHAT WAS ALL THAT ABOUT?
WHAT WAS *WHAT* ALL ABOUT?
I'M... NOT SURE. WHAT WAS THE QUESTION?
WHATEVER IT WAS, I'VE GOT A *BETTER ONE.*
WHO WANTS TO GO FOR A DRINK?
NEXT: PAST PARTICIPANT